

Chapter 1790 Kidnapping

Upon hearing the owner's words, Janet felt a sense of relief. She turned around and made eye contact with the driver, who immediately understood her silent instruction. He nodded and gestured to the bodyguards to follow them upstairs to the second floor.

As soon as they reached the second floor, Janet was taken aback by the sight of limited edition dresses, many of which were antiques from bygone eras. These dresses, crafted by designers who had long since passed away, were now preserved in showcases, ready to be admired by visitors.

As Janet examined the intricate details of a dress's hemline, she could tell whether or not its designer had been introverted or passionate. At that moment, she felt a deeper understanding of why she was interested in design.

She also hoped that a hundred years in the future, someone would stand before the showcases appreciating her own creations and speculating about the kind of person she might have been.

It felt like a cross-century communication and a way of passing down a legacy.

"No photos!" a bodyguard behind Janet yelled suddenly, snatching her out of the cross-century conversation.

Turning swiftly, she saw a man holding a camera stepping back in response to the warning.

She cast a curious glance at the man, who immediately waved at her and said, "Miss, don't be alarmed. My name is Clyde Lambert. I didn't mean you any harm. I saw that you were in good condition and couldn't help but take a picture. I'm really sorry for disturbing you."

Janet furrowed her brow as different thoughts ran through her mind. Had she met him in the past? He must've been the guy who took photos of her the last time. If they'd already crossed paths, why was he taking photos of her covertly?

Clyde seemed to sense her unfamiliarity with him and hastily whipped out a business card from his pocket, handing it to one of the bodyguards.

"I photographed Hannah for the cover of your studio. Don't you remember?" Clyde reminded her.

After checking the business card and his webpage, Janet saw that he had indeed photographed Hannah. This realization put her a bit more at ease.

"Miss, we used to be good partners." Clyde reiterated, noticing that she didn't seem to really remember him.

Janet handed the card to one of her bodyguards and waved her hand, gesturing for them to allow Clyde to leave. "I'm sorry, but I don't like taking photos. It was just a minor misunderstanding. Please delete the photos you took of me and refrain from taking

any more in the future," she said to Clyde.

Two bodyguards stepped closer to Clyde and supervised him as he deleted the photos. Despite his reluctance, he did as he was told.

"Ah, it's a shame. Those photos were truly stunning. It's rare to come across a model as captivating as you," Clyde lamented, expressing disappointment as he deleted the photos.

Upon hearing this, Janet couldn't help but smile.

After deleting the photos, Clyde handed the camera to a bodyguard for inspection. Then, he stepped closer to Janet and inquired curiously, "Where have you been lately? There were rumors circulating that you'd gone missing. I didn't believe them, but I did notice that your studio's official website was no longer active. Have you shut the studio down?"

Unable to disclose her memory loss, Janet responded with a polite smile, saying, "I fell ill some time ago. Since then, I've been focusing on recuperating and haven't been able to manage the affairs of the studio."

"Well, that's a shame! Winning that fashion show prize was a testament to your talent. If you don't make a comeback soon, I'm afraid the fashion world might forget about you, a genius designer!" Clyde remarked.

His compliment made Janet feel a little shy. When she thought about how difficult it was for her to draw her own design draft, however, a hint of sadness crept in. "I wouldn't call myself a genius

designer. It was merely industry recognition. I came here today in search of two high-end designs, but I've spent far too much time here. Let's talk later if we ever get to work on another collaboration."

Clyde nodded and replied, "Sure, I'll be waiting for your call."

With that, he retrieved his camera from the bodyguard and left in high spirits.

After he left, Janet carefully selected two dresses that she liked and asked the shop assistant to package them. Afterwards, she made her way to the restroom.

The restroom in the shop was on the left side of the corridor. As Janet walked past a fire exit, she abruptly heard a knock. It startled her, as if someone might've kicked the door from the inside.

She stretched out her hand cautiously, but as she pivoted and caught sight of the bodyguards Brandon had hired waiting from afar, she quickly retracted her hand.

She realized that if she were to be taken hostage now, the bodyguards couldn't rescue her in time. It was wiser to avoid getting involved.

Just as she was about to continue on her way, another faint groan resonated from behind the door, suggesting that someone might've been crying for help with their mouth covered.